# FOR WOMEN AND HOME

## ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

**Girls Away from Home — Traits of Character Observed in Those Who Live Together in a Big Boarding House.**

### GIRLS AWAY FROM HOME.

I lived for some time in a boarding house for girls exclusively, where a hundred made their homes, engaged in offices, stores, schools of music and public schools and medical and dental colleges. As most of those girls spent their evenings in the house, frequent opportunities were afforded for observing the effect produced by sympathetic songs, the talk of home, or perhaps the recital of an accident which occasionally befell some unfortunate little newsboy. Such incidents, while trifling in themselves, served to remove the outer shield and sterner mien with which many true girls must of need envelop themselves while making their way in the world.

Those girls appreciated and sympathized with the little newsboy's efforts in getting his pennies together each day. They also loved the songs of home, the sentiment seeming to reach and affect the hearts of those who, through the force of circumstances, were separated from home and its surroundings. An agreement was entered into by the girls in that house that, when on crowded cars, they would surrender to age, irrespective of sex, seats they might be occupying, and when not very tired, or if they had been sitting a greater part of the day at their work, then the seat should be surrendered to laborers with tin pails going home after a long day of hard labor.

#### Helping the Urchins.

One of the girls, who was engaged in keeping books in a large wholesale house, and whose work kept her long hours (from 7 in the morning until 6 at night), on coming home in the evening always brought the paper with her, bought of the little newsboys on the street. Asked why she did not have it delivered and pay for it by the week, as it would be cheaper than buying it on the street, she replied that she preferred paying as she did so the newsboys could get their little rake-off. Of course, it was only a penny or two, but it was a good deal for the boys when they worked hard for it.

This girl, when any of the other girls were unfortunately out of a situation, always tendered assistance, sometimes paying their board for two or three weeks until they could procure employment. As her situation paid her a good salary, she was quite independent, and this, by some not well acquainted with her, was misconstrued as a manifestation of boldness and the absence of womanly gentleness and refinement.—Exchange.

### VELVET GOWN.

Strapped and corded with the same. Half-fitted Eton, finished with silver buttons. The skirt is in seven gores with habit back.

### SINGLE LIFE NOT LONELY.

The man's heart may be restless and unsatisfied, but that is not always the chief evil of life in the masculine heart. The lack of power to mend and make—the inability to produce an atmosphere of home—the wretchedness of being ill with only stranger women, timid of approach and chary of soothing and smoothing touch—the want of insight as to what ails discomforting trifles, really make one feel that the old maid has greatly the advantage in the single-handed combat with life's ills.

A woman is never alone while she has a work-basket and her knitting, and she must be desperately ill if she cannot tell the dullest attendant how to shake up her pillows and make a cup of tea. The physical man, in hours of distress, cries out for a compassionating hand, no matter what his mental strength may be; the lonely woman knows just what she wants, and can find the right spot for an aching head, says the New York Evening Post.

It takes a wise son to tell whether his father is a fanatic or only a sanctified fool.

If a man has insomnia he is seldom troubled with nightmare.

## THREE IMPORTED VELVET COATS.

All are of black veloirs, trimmed with scroll design in fine metallic embroidery done on pale blue silk. No. 1 has a vest of white satin, closing with hooks at the center, with girdle stitched closely. No. 2 fastens at the side front and has inner sleeves of black silk, coat-tail back stitched with black silk. No. 3 is made with a jacket effect, with irregular sailor collar. The vest is edged with gray and white striped silk in crosswise folds; wide girdle, heavily stitched.

### FRENCH KNOTS THE STYLE.

Do you know how to make French knots?

Too bad if you don't, because French knots you must have, and it costs a neat little sum of money to order them done.

You can do no better than sit down some leisure hour and practice until you learn, or get some one who knows how to teach you.

You know what they are, of course?

Just dots made by thread scattered along a cloth surface in regular geometrical processions or in scattered groups.

You can follow any design you choose. The one especial trick is to make a good French knot—one that stays in and is not enticed out of existence when the material is washed.

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Half the modish women one sees these days are busy with needle and thread making these knots.

Knots of white thread put on fine hemstitched muslin bands may be used on thin blouses for the winter, for there is no doubt that this winter will sanction the fashion of the various thin white blouses to be worn under a plain or elaborate jacket.

Louisine will be the fashionable fabric for dressy blouses to be worn with handsome cloth suits, and French knots look immensely well on the bands that go to making collar, cuffs and front box plait.

Black knots on white are charming.

Try making some on bands of white taffeta and see how stylish the result is! Then hemstitch these bands and apply them to the white blouse you will surely have this winter, with cat-stitching of black silk.

See if your friends don't admire it!

#### Marshmallow Layer Cake.

Cream a cup of butter with two cups of sugar, and then smooth and light add the well-beaten yolks of six eggs, a cup of milk and two cups of prepared flour alternately with the stiffened whites of six eggs. If the butter is too thin, add a little more flour, flavor with vanilla and bake in layer tins.

# FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

**The Toilsome Tasks Required by Gypsies of Their Children—If a Boy Gets the Worst End of a Horse Trade His Father Whips Him.**

### KNIGHT OF HOBBY-HORSE.

He rode away with flashing eyes
To fight in distant lands;
His charger was a coal-black steed,
His sword was in his hands.
"I may be gone a hundred years,"
He said, "and so farewell!
The papers I shall send to you,
My valiant deeds will tell."

His mother waved a last good-by
And sped him on his way.
"When you come back to me," she cried,
"'Twill be a happy day!"

He rode across the nursery,
And through the garret dim,
Then paused to view the country round
Beyond the window's rim.
The day was warm, he journeyed far;
He said, "I'll rest awhile,
And then again my steed and I
Will ride full many a mile."

They found him there as night came on,
His flashing eyes were closed;
With arms around his charger's neck
The warrior reposed.

—Youth's Companion.

### GYPSY CHILDREN.

Whenever there is a trail over which a wagon may pass there the Gypsy travels, and with him goes his family, in which children, horses and dogs are about equally numerous. They are the most traveled children in the world, these youngsters of the snug and gaudy wagons, and that region through which they once go they intimately know, not as more fortunate children know it, from guide books or the lips of others, but from varied and perhaps bitter experience of its ups and downs, its fair and foul weather, and its friendly or unfriendly folk. In the wilds of the sharp-ridged Alleghenies or on the sun-beaten trails of the great prairies, they are as much at home as in camp on the outskirts of New York, Chicago or St. Louis. It is a wild and varied life they lead, but by no means an idle one. Except among the lowest classes of Gypsies, the children are carefully trained to the hardy life they must lead. Only "the ambulanters" (as the Gypsies contemptuously call a class of wagon-wanderers upon whom even the tramps look down) let their little ones grow up with no more training or instruction than if they were animals. In a representative Gypsy caravan out on the trail, every human being more than four years old has his or her allotted work. Often the tasks of the children are harder than those of their elders. At sunup they are astir, for the true Gypsy starts early to make half his day's distance before the overhead sun makes travel irksome. Out of the wagon, or perhaps from under it, if the night has been warm and fair, tumble the boys and scatter through the dew-beaded grass—this one to look to the horses, that one to gather dry wood for the breakfast, another to gather whatever seasonable wild fruits are to be found; a fourth to carry buckets of water. If the water near which the camp is pitched is fish-inhabited, there is a joyous morning's task in catching the speckled trout and the gamy bass, or if not these at least the hungry and gayly-hued little sunfish. Meantime there is plenty to occupy their sisters. Breakfast things must be got out and in order; shawls, curtains and bedding must be spread in the sun, and the wagon put to order, just as if it were a house instead of a household on wheels. The true Gypsy is not a slovenly person. He takes pride in the neatness of his wagon and his fellow-Gypsies judge him from it; so his wife trains the children to be good housekeepers. After breakfast is over and the things cleared up the family takes the road. This is the part that the Gypsy boy enjoys, for there is usually several spare horses, and he has the glory of riding one of them. And early he develops into an expert horseman, and, if the truth be told, an unscrupulous horse trader. It is no unusual thing to see a twelve-year-old boy chaffering with some sharp-faced mountaineer, old enough to be his grandfather, over a proposed "swap" of a more or less broken-down horse for a sturdy native trotting mule. If the boy gets the best of the trade, as usually happens, all is well. If it goes the other way the young trader comes in for a severe beating from his father.—Indianapolis News.

### ABOUT PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

President Lincoln was very tender-hearted, and never refused an audience to any one who came to ask pardon for some offender. Speaking of the large number of cases with which he had dealt in this way, he said: "Some of my generals complain that I impair discipline in the army by my pardons; but it makes me rested, after a hard day's work, if I can find some good cause for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happy, as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family and his friends." Many instances of this are told of him. Here is one: "One day the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens called with an elderly lady in great trouble, whose son had been in the army, but for some offense had been tried by court-martial and sentenced either to death or imprisonment at hard labor for a long term, I do not recollect which. There was some excuse, and after a full hearing the President said: 'Mr. Stevens, do you think this is a case which will warrant my interference?' 'With my knowledge of the facts,' was the reply, 'I should have no hesitation in granting a pardon.' 'Then,' returned Mr. Lincoln, 'I will pardon him,' and he signed forthwith the paper. The gratitude of the mother was too deep for expression, save by her tears, and not a word was said between her and Mr. Stevens until they were half-way down the stairs on their passage out, when she suddenly broke forth, in an excited manner with the words: 'I knew it was a copper-headed lie!' 'What do you refer to, madame?' asked Mr. Stevens. 'Why, they told me he was an ugly-looking man,' she replied with vehemence. 'He is the handsomest man I ever saw in my life.'" Jokes at the expense of his personal appearance never bothered Mr. Lincoln; in fact, he rather enjoyed them. He used himself to tell this incident: "In the days when I used to be 'on the circuit,' I was once accosted in the cars by a stranger, who said, 'Excuse me, sir, but I have an article in my possession which belongs to you.' 'How is that?' I asked, considerably astonished. The stranger took a jack-knife from his pocket. 'This knife,' said he, 'was placed in my hands some years ago, with the injunction that I was to keep it until I found a man uglier than myself. I have carried it from that time to this. Allow me now to say, sir, that I think you are fairly entitled to the property.'"

### THE ORIOLE'S PERIL.

A community of birds had established themselves in a certain grove, birds of many kinds—orioles, robbins, blackbirds, bluebirds, catbirds. There were three pairs of the orioles, each pair with their nest in a different tree, but all close together, and all on good terms. And they were on good terms with their neighbors, too, though the male blackbird occasionally got into trouble by coming too near the orioles' nests. One day the whole community was found to be in an uproar, screaming and flying about in a state of great excitement, the cause of which was soon discovered. One of the female orioles had got her head caught in the sharp fork of a limb, and there she hung, fluttering, and unable to help herself. The birds of every kind had assembled around her, and were as much excited and as incapable of rendering assistance as a crowd of human beings would have been under similar circumstances. They merely dashed about from place to place, and fluttered and screamed; all, that is to say, except the other two female orioles, which tried to release the captive by dashing at her and pulling at her tail-feathers. This, however, seemed only to wedge her more tightly in the fork. Meanwhile, the three male orioles sat side by side on a near-by limb, not making a move of any kind. The witness of the strange scene was surprised to see them inactive at such a time, but they must have been taking counsel with each other, for presently one of them flew to the place where the captive was hanging, and straddling the fork that held her head, he caught her by the back of the neck and gave her a tug that pulled her free. Then he dropped her; but she recovered herself immediately, and flew to a limb, where she began arranging her rumpled feathers. — Philadelphia Times.

### A VERY NAUGHTY DOLL.

Here is a story of a little girl who had been misbehaving, and for punishment her mother threatened to go away and leave her. The little girl was sitting on the floor playing with her doll while mother was putting on her bonnet. "Give me a kiss, mamma, before you go away," she said. "No, not one. I couldn't kiss anyone who has been so naughty," answered her mother, and by this time her bonnet was on, and she was in the act of opening the door when she heard her little girl say to her doll: "You are a very naughty doll, Jessie, and I will go away and leave you until you are good. No, I will not give you one kiss, you are so naughty. I'll just put on my hat and go with mamma," and she did, for mamma was not able to cope with this brilliant piece of strategy.

**He who says what he does not mean will mean what he does not say.**

**The brilliance of the Bible depends on the setting you give it in your life.**

**Old age** is a perch whare all the akes, sorrows and ills ov life cum to **roost.**

### BLOCKED NEAR MOUNTAIN TOP.

**Explorers Brought to a Standstill Near Assiniboine's Summit.**

Henry Grier Bryant, traveler and explorer, recently returned from a five weeks' trip in the Canadian Rockies, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. With Walter Dwight Wilcox, a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London, who has often traveled and made scientific investigations thereabouts, Mr. Bryant organized an expedition to explore the region around the headwaters of the Elk and Palliser rivers—a district covering about 2,000 square miles, which has remained a blank on the government maps, and, if possible, to make an attempt to ascend Mount Assiniboine, the Matterhorn of the Rockies. The party, consisting of two Swiss guides, three cowboys and fourteen horses, with provisions and supplies, beside Mr. Bryant and Mr. Wilcox, left Banff, a station on the Canadian Pacific, on July 21, and struck through the woods to the south and up the Spray river in the direction of Mount Assiniboine. No one had ever succeeded in reaching the summit of this mountain, which is put down in the government survey as being 12,000 feet high. Every attack on the mountain before had been made from the north, but Mr. Bryant and his party decided to try it from the south, from which direction the ascent was believed to be easier. One of the Swiss guides was kicked by a horse before reaching the foot, and had to be left behind. Picking their way over stretches of snow and rocks and keeping as much as possible under the overhanging ridges, so as to be protected from a possible avalanche the party steadily pushed upward, but were brought to a standstill when only 800 feet from the top by a long traverse of snow, over which it would have been foolhardiness to attempt to pass. The expedition had reached 11,125 feet, however, the highest point ever attained. Mr. Bryant says that it is only a question of time before the summit will be reached, but as their time was limited the party was compelled to give it up.

#### A Smoking Centenarian.

How shall one reach the century Mr. Sidney Cooper will attain if he lives till September 26, 1903. Some ten years ago Mr. Cooper, then close upon 90, gave an account of his daily life. He breakfasted at 8, after having done in the summer an hour, in the winter half an hour, in his painting room. His breakfast consisted of oatmeal porridge and bread and about half a pint of milk just warm from his own cow. He had not then tasted a cup of tea or coffee for nearly forty years. Afted breakfast he worked till lunch time, his lunch consisting of a mutton chop and a glass of that ale, which, as he himself says, taken in moderation gives stamina and power. In those days—they were in the early '90s—he went for a walk before his dinner at 6 o'clock, beer again being his only drink. After that he read his newspaper. At 9 o'clock he took his one cigar and at 10 was in bed. This was the everyday tenor of his life, and he remarked that regularity is the secret of longevity.—London Chronicle.

#### Great Bets in History.

Lord George Bentinck, in 1843, in betting on his horse Gaper, for the Derby, stood to win £150,000 ($720,000), but saved himself upon Cotherstone, and netted £30,000 ($144,000). At another time a bet of £90,000 ($432,000) against £30,000 ($144,000) was booked between old Lord Glasgow and Lord George Bentinck. The Marquis of Hastings bet and lost £103,000 ($494,400) on the Hermit's Derby. Bell & Co. of Wall street, in August, 1900, had $250,000 placed in their hands to bet on President McKinley's re-election, at odds of 2½ to 1. Their offer was absorbed in fractions. Lord Dudley bet £24,000 to £8,000 on Peter in a race at Ascot with a bookmaker named Morris. Peter was beaten. A syndicate headed by a man named Lambert won £90,000 on Don Juan in the Cesarewitch at Newmarket in 1883.—New York Herald.

#### Coast Line in Cuba.

One of the monthly magazines publishes an article by Edward Marshall, entitled "Covering a War," purporting to show how the papers get the news and what it costs them. He deals principally with Cuba, and in the article occurs this paragraph: "To patrol a coast line as great as that of Cuba (the island is over one hundred miles long), and to know every event of importance within its limits, was an extremely difficult matter." If Mr. Marshall's estimate of the daily cost of the news-getting is as wide of the mark as that of the length of Cuba we shall have to divide his figures by 18, for the coast line is really over 1,800 miles long. To be accurate: The northern coast is 913 and the southern 972 in length.—New York Press.

We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.—Suard